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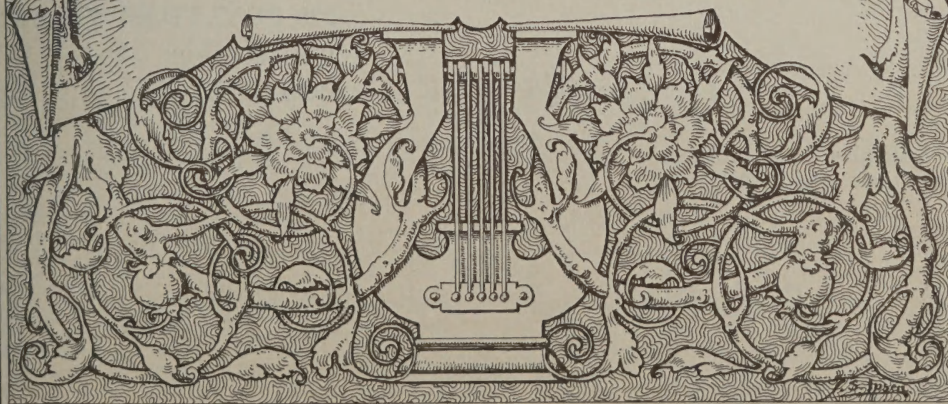


BOSTON



MUSIC HALL

SEASON OF 1898-99



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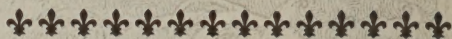
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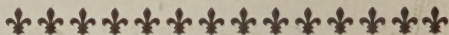
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EIGHTY-FOURTH SEASON
SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH CONCERT

EASTER SUNDAY EVENING

APRIL 2, 1899

7.30 P. M.

Paradise and the Peri

MR. REINHOLD L. HERMAN, CONDUCTOR

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA, SOPRANO

MISS FANNIE HIRSCH, SOPRANO

MRS. ADELE LAEIS BALDWIN, ALTO

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE, TENOR

MR. HUGO HEINZ, BASS

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MR. I. SCHNITZLER, Principal

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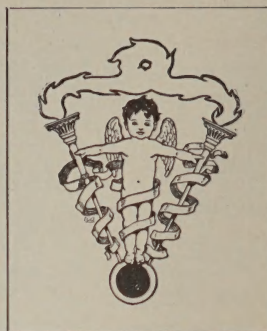
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ROBERT SCHUMANN

BORN IN ZWICKAU, SAXONY, JUNE 8, 1810

DIED IN ENDENICH, NEAR BONN, JULY 29, 1856

PARADISE AND THE PERI

Cantata, composed in 1843. The text selected and adapted from Moore's "Lalla Rookh," by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D. Produced at The Gewandhaus, Leipzig, Dec. 4, 1843, under the direction of Schumann. Present performance the first by the Handel and Haydn Society.

ARGUMENT.

The Peri, a beauteous Spirit expelled from Paradise, stands at the gate of the abode of the blessed, lamenting her exclusion. The angel who guards the gate promises her she shall be re-admitted if she brings to the portal "the gift that is most dear to Heaven." The Peri goes forth to seek this gift, and brings successively the last drop of a hero's blood, shed for liberty, and the last sigh of a love that has sacrificed life itself for the beloved one—but these gifts are rejected as insufficient. At length she brings the first tear of penitence shed by a softened sinner. This is accepted as the gift most dear to Heaven, and the gates of Paradise are unbarred to the triumphant Peri.

THE PERI	Soprano	A YOUTH	Tenor
A MAIDEN	"	MAHMOUD	Bass
AN ANGEL	Alto	THE OUTCAST	Bass

NARRATORS—Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass

PART ONE

1

NARRATOR—ALTO

One morn, at gate of Eden, a Peri,
Weeping, disconsolate, was standing:
And as she, listening, heard the springs
Of life within like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
Athwart half open heav'n-portals glowing, —
Wept she, to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that sacred place.

2

THE PERI

How blest seem to me, banished child of air,
And holy the spirits that wander in there!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and of
sea,
And stars e'en themselves have bright flowers
for me,
One blossom of heaven outweighs them all.
Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With bright Plane-tree isle reflected clear, —
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall, —
Yet, oh, it is only the blest can say
How waters of Heaven outshine them all.
Go, wing now thy flight swift from star to star,
From world to world shining bright, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall.
Take all—all the pleasures of all the bright
spheres,
And each one be lengthened throughout endless
years —
One moment of heaven is worth them all.

3

NARRATOR—TENOR

The glorious Angel who was keeping
The gates of light beheld her weeping, —
And as he listening nearer drew,
And heard her song, a tear fled glist'ning
downward.
He said:

THE ANGEL

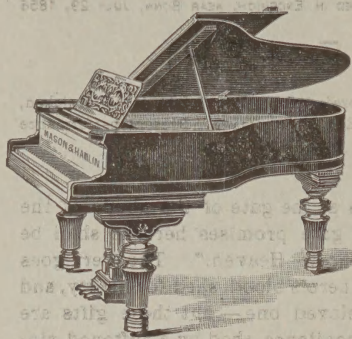
One hope is thine,
Thou nymph of fair but of an erring line.
Within the Book of Fate 't is written,
The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who to this gate eternal bringeth
The gift that is most dear to heaven.
Go, seek it now, redeem thy sin,
'T is sweet to let the pardoned in!

4

THE PERI

But whither now? —
Ah, where now shall I find the gift for
heav'n? —
I know the wealth hidden in every urn,
Wherein the red rubies of Chilmimar burn;
I know where the beds of coral be
Full many a fathom below the sea.
I know, too, where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high.
Alas! gifts like these are not for the sky.
Was ever gem that shone so brightly,
Like the steps on great Allah's throne so mighty?
And O what drops of life should we be
In the great deep of Eternity?

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Illustrated Catalogue sent on application.

Correspondence Solicited.

NARRATORS AND QUARTETTE

CHORUS OF CONQUERORS

While thus she mused, now fanned her pinions
That land of India's bright dominions.
O beauteous land! — O realm so bright!
Whose palms wave soft and light,
Whose silent stars deck all the night;
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of warmest sun, with diamonds teem;
Where streams murmur soft and light.
All bright with gold beneath their tides,
And sandal-groves and bowers of spice —
O Paradise!

6

CHORUS

But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood.
And man is sacrificed by man!
Death through her spicy bowers stalketh,
With iron tread the flow'r he crushes.
Land bright with sunbeam, who invadeth,
Fierce, thy peaceful valleys?
O'erthrowing all, alas! —
Thy cavern shrines, thy thousand thrones, and
monarchs!
'T is he, 't is he of Gazna! fierce in wrath!

CHORUS OF CONQUERORS

Hail to Mahmoud, the mighty in war!

CHORUS OF INDIANS.

May death the tyrant seize!
Now slay him!

7

NARRATOR — TENOR

Behold a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand
And one last arrow in his quiver.
Undaunted see the warrior stand,
A prisoner, by his native river,
Though sword be shattered in his hand,
And but one arrow in his quiver.

10

NARRATOR — TENOR

Now with her gift the hopeful Peri hasten'd
On airy wings aloft to radiant realms above;
If now the gates may be unfasten'd,
She asks with suppliant looks of love.

Hail to Mahmoud, glory's strength!
All hail to the mighty lord!

MAHMOUD

Come, valiant one, submit to me,
For I am loth my wrath should smite thee,
Submit, and highly I'll requite thee —
Crowns and trophies thou shalt share!

A YOUTH

'T is thou hast slain my nation,
Thou spreadest desolation,
For thee this arrow's left —

MAHMOUD

Ha, thou shalt rue this!

8

CHORUS

Woe!
For false flew the shaft, though pointed right
well;
The tyrant did live, the hero fell!

9

NARRATOR — TENOR

The Peri marked where he was lying,
And when the rush of war was past,
Then did she on a ray descend
Of morning light — and caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its freeborn spirit fled.

THE PERI, QUARTETTE AND CHORUS

Let this be my gift, rare and bright,
Let this be my gift at the gates of light.
For blood must holy be,
That is shed in the fight for liberty,
It never would stain e'en the purest rill,
That sparkles fair through the bowers of bliss.
Oh, if there be here on this earthly sphere,
A great boon, an offering that heav'n holds
dear —
'T is the blood that the hero, falling but free,
Hath poured — a libation to Liberty.
Let this be thy gift, right welcome yonder,
At Eden's portals!

PART TWO

(THE ANGEL) AND CHORUS OF ANGELS

Now with her gift the hopeful Peri hasten'd
On airy wings aloft to radiant realms above;
If now the gates may be unfasten'd,
She asks with suppliant looks of love.

Sweet is our welcome of the brave ones,
Who thus have died for native land.
But see, the crystal bar doth not yet move;

The Eyes of the Nation

now centre in the rich and beautiful West Indies. Would you like to see the part of the world now the most discussed of any, and yet see a country in peace and prosperity? If so, plan a trip this fall or winter to the most beautiful and healthful island in the West India group, only eighty miles from the shores of Cuba.

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Far holier yet the boon must be
That opes the gates of heav'n for thee.

11

NARRATOR — TENOR

Her first fond hope of Eden lost,
Now to the south the Peri passed,
And, 'mid far Afric's lunar mountains,
She rested at the fountains
Whence flows the stream whose secret birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth.

CHORUS OF THE GENII OF THE NILE

Come forth from the waters so bright,
And mark ye the lovely, beautiful sprite;
'T is a Peri bright now haunts the spot,
Disturb her not — disturb her not!

THE PERI

Oh Eden, oh Eden, how longeth for thee
My heart, when shall thy portals open for me?

CHORUS

Hark, how she moans! Listen!

12

NARRATOR — TENOR

Now wanders forth the Peri sighing,
Where Egypt's sultry plains are lying,
Her grotts and sepulchres of kings;
Now in Rosetta's vale she loves
To listen to the peaceful doves,
Or watch the pelicans that break
The azure calm of Moeri's lake.
'T was fair; a land, a scene more bright
Did mortal eye ne'er once behold!
But lo, a silence dark and drear
Lies brooding o'er this region lovely,
The demon fierce of plague hath cast
From his hot wing the deadly blast.

THE PERI

Poor race of men!
Ye dearly pay for primal fall —
Some flow'rets of Eden are yours even now,
The trail of the serpent's o'er all!

13

NARRATOR — TENOR AND QUARTETTE

The Peri wept — the air grew bright and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man.

14

NARRATOR — ALTO

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Close by the lake, she heard a moan,
A youth in despair, at this silent hour,
Had stolen to die here, die alone, —
One who in life, where'er he mov'd,
Drew forth the hearts of many a one;
He now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here, unseen, unwept, alone!

THE YOUTH

Oh, but one draught from out the lake
That sparkles so cool before my dim eyes!
Oh, but one drop that shall gently slake
The fire in my bosom that lies!

15

NARRATOR — SOPRANO

Poor youth! thus deserted, one thought only
Comfort gave still in death —
That she, whom he had loved so for years,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;
Safe in her father's princely palace,
Where fountains breathe out coolness,
Perfumed by many a brand
Of sandal wood from India's strand,
And pure as she whose brow they fanned.

NARRATOR — TENOR

But see — who comes approaching yonder,
This dark and lonely bower to seek,
Like Health's young envoy doth she wander,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek.
She 't is! far off through midnight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride.

Her arms are round him now, —
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And in cool lake her loosened tresses
She dips, to bind his burning brow.

THE YOUTH

Thou here! Fly hence — from me a breath
Will bring thee death!

16

THE MAIDEN

Oh! let me only breathe the air,
That blessed air that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 't is sweet to me!

There, drink my tears, love, while they fall —
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one moment's calm.

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Mmes. Lilli Lehmann and Miss Marie Brema, MM. Jean and Ed. de Reszke, Pringle, Meffert, Meux and Van Rooy.
Conductor, Herr Schalk.

TUESDAY EVE., APRIL 4, at 7.45,

MOZART'S OPERA,

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO

(The Marriage of Figaro).

Mmes. Emma Eames, Adams, Bauermeister and Sembrich, MM. Ed. de Reszke, Carbone, Dufriche, Vanni, Maestri and Campanari. Conductor, Sig. Bevignani.

WEDNESDAY MAT., APRIL 5, 1.45,

WAGNER'S OPERA,

LOHENGRIN

Mmes. Nordica and Schumann-Heink, MM. Van Dyck, Pringle, Muhlmann and Bispham.

Conductor, Herr Schalk.

WEDNESDAY EVE., APRIL 5, at 7.45,

GOUNOD'S OPERA,

FAUST

Mmes. Suzanne Adams, Bauermeister and Mantelli, MM. Jean and Ed. de Reszke, Meux and Campanari.

Conductor, Sig. Bevignani.

THURSDAY EVE., APRIL 6, at 7.45,

First performance in Boston of Mancinelli's Opera,

ERO E LEANDRO

Mmes. Emma Eames and Mantelli, MM. Saleza, Pringle and Plancon. Conducted by the Composer.

FRIDAY EVE., APRIL 7, at 7.45,

MEYERBEER'S OPERA,

LES HUCUENOTS

Mmes. Nordica, Mantelli, Bauermeister, Roudez and Engel, MM. Jean and Ed de Reszke, Albers, Pringle, Bars, Piroia, Meux, Dufriche, Vanni and Plancon.

Conductor, Sig. Mancinelli.

SATURDAY MAT., APRIL 8, at 1.45,

MOZART'S OPERA.

DON GIOVANNI

Mmes. Lilli Lehmann, Adams and Sembrich, MM. Ed. de Reszke, Salignac, Carbone, Devries and Maurel.

Conductor, Sig. Mancinelli.

SATURDAY EVE., APRIL 8, at 7.45,

GOUNOD'S OPERA,

ROMEO ET JULIETTE

Mmes. Emma Eames, Djella, Bauermeister, MM. Plancon, Devries, Bars, Albers, Dufriche, Meux, Vanni and Saleza.

Conductor, Sig. Bevignani.

SCALE OF PRICES, \$2, \$3 and \$5.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face —
Am I not thy own faithful bride?
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!

Think'st thou that she, whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?

Can I now live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? Ah, no!
Then turn to me, my own, oh turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn.

Cling thou to these cool lips, and share
Life's latest breath that lingers there.

NARRATOR

She dies, she sinks — as dies the lamp
In poisonous air or cavern-damp,
And all her eyes' sweet light is darken'd.
One pang — his earthly pain is over —
The youth no longer liveth.
One long, long kiss the maiden giveth,
The last — and dies, and dies in giving.

17

THE PERI

Sleep on, in visions of odour oh rest,
For balmier airs never stirred
Round the pile of the bright, the lone Phoenix
bird,

Who at the last sings his own death-lay.
Sleep, then, and rest in visions so blest,
Thou, the truest, most loving of hearts.

CHORUS

She spake — and then the Peri spread
Throughout the place her blessing's breathing
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each dead pale face there,
They seemed two lovely saints there sleeping.

And now the Peri watched and beamed,
Till light o'er all their death-bed streamed;
Until their souls should wake again,
Sleep! sleep.

PART THREE

18

CHORUS OF HOURIS WITH SOLI

Wreathe ye the steps to great Allah's throne!
Wreathe them with flowers, wreathe them all
over!

That e'en the Heaven's humblest upon
Mildly a glance of th' Eternal may hover.
Onward now wend we, worship and bend we,
Gladly, humbly, unto the Lord!

Likewise the loved ones remember right,
Who on the earth still are toilsome wending;
Downward is darkness, upward is light —
Hatred there, here love never ending.

Lo, on the path to heav'nly light,
See where the Peri comes hither sailing.
Beautiful Peri, despond not quite,
Faith and truth have been still unailing.
Go, seek the boon, it shall be given,
That most dearly is prized in Heaven.
Now we wend back to the fragrant bowers
Rosy in dawn's first radiance glowing,
For spice and incense we gather the flowers
Which on frail, slender stems there are
growing.

Day star is mounting — joy's crystal fountain
Floweth for those who wait on the Lord.

19

NARRATOR — TENOR

Now morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above;
She brings to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure self-sacrificing love.

High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
Soon the Elysian palm she'll win;
For see, the Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave the off'ring in;

And now she hears bright Eden's trees,
They ring their crystal bells.
That ring, that ring in that ambrosial breeze,
That from the throne of Allah swells;

And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take.

But ah, the Peri's hopes were vain. —
Again the fates forbade, again
The angel told her with regret,

THE ANGEL

"Not yet!"
True was the maiden, and her story

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As writ in light o'er Allah's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.

But, Peri, see — the crystal bar,
It moves not yet —
Far holier yet the boon must be
That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee.

20

THE PERI

Rejected, and sent from Eden's door.
Ah, vanished the light of hope once more —
Then shall I never, never find it,
The holy, beautiful boon,
Ah, must the courage vanish that urged me
on —

Yet will I not rest, but constantly
From pole to pole I'll wander,
Nor pause nor tarry here or yonder,
Till that the prize falleth to me,
Till that the guerdon have been giv'n,
Till ope for me the gates of Heav'n.

And though the jewel guarded be,
Fast though the granite rocks may bind it,
I will, I must, yet surely find it.

21

NARRATOR — BASS

And now, o'er Syria's rosy plain
The light of eve is spread again,
And, like a glory, broad the sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in winter grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

For him, who looked from upper air,
O what enchanted regions there!
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling life below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on fair banks,
More golden all where sunlight's falling.
And then the mingling sounds upcoming
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with humming
Of bees, wild bees of Paestine,
That banquet through the flow'ry valleys; —
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And shady woods, where nightingales are
singing!

22

NARRATOR — TENOR

And as she hov'ring downward bends,
Lo, a sister troop around her wends.

CHORUS OF PERIS

Say, is it so?
That to Heaven thou would'st go?
Contents not thee the sunbeam free,
And earth and moon and star-beam?
Then take us with thee too, Peri.

NARRATOR — BASS

But naught can make the luckless Peri glad.
Her wing is dull, her heart is sad!
Joyless sees she the sun down looking
There on that temple, once her temple,
Whose lovely columns stand sublime
And fling their shadows from on high.

23

THE PERI

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those chambers of the sun
Some amulet of gems annealed
In the fierce fires, some fair tablet sealed
With that great name, the name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by my illumin'd eyes,
May teach me where, beneath the moon,
In earth or sea there lies the boon,
The charm that speedy now restoreth
To brightest heaven an erring Spirit!
Away!

NARRATORS

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither; —
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bow'rs of eve
Begun to fade and wither; —
When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging,
She sees a lovely child at play.
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they.
And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismounting
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Impatient fling him down to drink
Beside an im'ret's rustic fountain.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To that fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Full on a brow more fierce than that, —
Lo, sullen-fierce, a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eyes could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
Treason — and broken oaths — and shrine pro-
faned
By blood of guests —
That face so passion-stained displayed there.

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But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air
 From Syria's minarets.
 The boy has started from the bed
 Where he had laid his infant head
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 And lisps th' eternal name of God.
 And seeming, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 A straying babe of lovely Paradise —
 Who, lighting here,
 His bright home now once more is seeking.

NARRATOR — TENOR

And how felt he, the wretched man
 Reclining there — while mem'ry ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 O'er all that turbid flood, his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

THE OUTCAST

There was a time — thou blessed child —
 When young, and haply pure as thou,
 I prayed like thee — but now! —

24

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS

Oh, blessed tears of true repentance!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is found the first, the only feeling
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

25

THE PERI

There falls a drop on the land of Egypt,
 Through with'ring hot airs of June,
 Down from the moon —
 Of so healing a pow'r, that in one single hour
 Fell contagion dies,
 And health once more animates earth and skies!

Is it not thus, oh man so sinful,
 The tears of true repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues have been,
 One heav'nly drop hath dispell'd them all!

NARRATOR — TENOR

And see! behold him kneeling there
 Beside that child, in humble pray'r,
 While now the sunbeam shines upon them
 The guilty and the guiltless one.

CHORUS

And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
 That triumphs now a soul forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light, more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon that tear-drop —
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam —
 But well th' enraptur'd Peri knew,
 It was the smile the angel threw
 From Heaven's gate, to hail the tear
 That heralds now her glory near!

26

THE PERI

Joy, joy for ever! my work it is done —
 The gates now are passed, and high Heaven is
 won!
 Oh! am I not happy? I am, yes, I am,
 For ever, oh joy, my work it is done.

To thee, oh sweet Eden! how sad
 Are Shadukiam's diamond turrets,
 How poor are the bowers of Amberabad.

CHORUS

Oh welcome, oh welcome, come 'mid the blessed.
 Thou strovest bravely, and restedst ne'er,
 Now hast thou won it, the prize rich and rare.

THE PERI

Farewell, ye odours of earth, for ye die;
 Swiftly ye pass like a lone lover's sigh; —
 My feast is of the Tooba tree,
 Whose scent is the breath of Eternity

Farewell, ye vanish, ye flowers that shone
 That bloom'd in my wreath, all so bright but
 so brief.

What are the brightest that ever hath blown
 To lote-tree that springeth by Allah's throne,
 Whose boughs eternal bright blossoms own
 And whose flow'rs have a soul — yes, in ev'ry
 leaf.

CHORUS

Oh if there be here on this earthly sphere
 A great boon, an off'ring that Heav'n holds dear,
 It is the soft repentant tear
 That fell from eye of sinner here
 That open'd Heaven's portals for Thee.
 Thou strovest bravely, and restedst ne'er,
 Now hast thou won the prize rich and rare,
 Now accepted in Eden's garden —
 Where bright souls redeemed e'en now await
 thee,
 And joys eternal abound.
 Oh, be thou welcome, we greet thee; —
 Oh, be thou welcome, thou 'rt welcome here.



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